

# CALEDONIA.

## A POEM, &c.

**I**N Northern Hights, where Nature seldom smiles,  
Embrac'd with Seas, and buttress'd (a) round with Isles,  
Where lofty Shores (b) regard th' adjacent Pole,  
Where Winds incessant blow, and Waves incessant roll;  
Where Tyrant (c) Cold in Glacy Ocean reigns,  
And all the Habitable World disdains,  
Defies the distant Influence of the Sun,  
And (d) shines in Ice.

First (e) youngest Sister to the Frozen Zone,  
Batter'd by Parent Natures constant Frown.  
Adapt to Hardships, and cut out for Toil;  
The best worst Climate, and the worst best Soil.  
A rough, unhewn, uncultivated Spot,  
Of old so fam'd, and so of late forgot.

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(a) All the Western and Northern parts of Scotland are fenc'd with small Islands, which not only break off the Force of the Atlantick Ocean, but make excellent Harbours for Shipping, and Conveniencies for Trade.

(b) The Shores to the North of Scotland may be said to regard the adjacent Pole, either because it lies directly open to the Great Northern Ocean, which no Sailer could ever yet find the Extent of; or because it sees that Pole elevated to a great Height.

(c) I call that continual Cold in the Frozen Seas here Tyrant Cold, because he reigns Uncontroull'd by the Accession of any Heat from the Sun.

(d) Shines in Ice. The Ice and Snow always give a kind of Light, tho faint and melancholy.

(e) Youngest Sister, because the North Capes and the Coast of Greenland seem to be of the same Family, but advanc'd farther North. First youngest, a Licence taken to express Scotland the first of the Habitable, or at least Sociable Parts of the World so far North.

NEGLECTED SCOTLAND shews her awful Brow,  
Not always *quite so near* to Heaven as now.

Circled with dreadful Cliffs and Barb'rous Shores,  
Where the *strong Surff* with high impetuous Roars,  
Invades the Rocks, and *these their Rage disdain*,  
And with *redoubling Noise* they'r hurry'd home again;  
The hollow Caverns *Mutual Roars* return,  
And *Baffled Neptune (a)* raging makes the Ocean burn.

The furious Elements in vain contend,  
Unmov'd the mighty *natural Breast-works* stand.  
Their awful Hights in threatening Grandeur shine,  
Emblems of mightier *Hearts of Stone* within.  
*Th' Instructing Rocks*, Invincible and Strong,  
Describe *the Race* that to *these Rocks* belong,  
And bid the quick retreating Waves declare,  
And warn the World *against a Northern War*.  
Tell them the Hopes of Conquest must be vain,  
When *Hands of Steel* shall *Rocks of Flint* maintain.

(b) These are *th' eternal Bounds* of Providence,  
The *Oceans Bridle*, and the *Land's Defence*.  
The *Warts and Wrinkles* plac'd on *Natures Brow*  
That her Maternal Care and Conduct show.  
The meanest parts of Nature *have their Use*,  
And some to Terror, some to Strength conduce :  
Nor is their Ornament at all the less ;  
*For Beauty's best describ'd by Usefulness.*

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(a) The Raging of the Sea will often resemble Fire, and seem to burn, especially as some say on a Southerly Wind.

(b) The high Shores could be in no place more needful to place Bounds proportion'd to the furious and vast Northern Ocean that beat upon Scotland, from whence there is nothing but Water to the very Frozen Zone of the North Pole. Those Rocks therefore are the *Lands Defence*, and the *Oceans Bridle*, and consequently Beauties in their Kind, made so by the Necessity of them.



Behind this Rugged Front (a) securely lies  
 Blest Caledonia, and with Ease defies  
 Her Northern, or her Southern Enemies.  
 Fixt by Decree, Her Nature's not to fear  
 Huge Navies there, or Icy Mountains here.  
 Here Towing Cliffs, and there the Beachy Shoal  
 Defy the (b) Raging Monsters of the Pole.  
 There equally they (c) Floating Worlds defy,  
 Bid them stand off and live, advance and die :  
 The Hardy Wretch that sees the Hint too late,  
 Fails not to find his Folly in his Fate.

Behind this Rugged Front securely lies  
 Old Caledonia, all the Worlds (d) Surprise.  
 Her Native Beauty and her Wealth conceal'd  
 Waits (e) the blest Hour when both shall be reveal'd.  
 In Age and Fancy'd Poverty Secure,  
 And yet She's ever Young, and never Poor.

Here labouring with the Injuries of Time,  
 Inclement Air, Inhospitable Clime,

(a) The Situation of Scotland is certainly her Defence against either the Fury of the Ocean from the North, or of Invaders from the South, the dangerous Coast being such, that no Fleets care to venture themselves long at Sea that way.

(b) By the Monsters of the Pole may be understood the Whales, in former times terrible to Mariners, as frequently oversetting the small Barks they sailed in; Or since, by the greater Skill in Navigation, that fear is at an end, it may be taken for the Monstruous floating Islands of Ice, which by the Fury of the Winds, are driven about the Northern Seas.

(c) Floating Worlds, Navys and Fleets of Ships of War to assault that Country, and transport Armys to make Descents and Depredations on the Coast.

(d) The Worlds Surprise to find so fine a Countrey so Peopled, and so Inhabited behind such terrible places, which to the Sea-ward promise nothing but Desert, and abandon'd, uninhabited Places.

(e) The Union, whereby Improvement shall reveal the hidden Fruitfulness of Scotland.



Foreign Invasions and Intestine Wars;  
Yet all her Native Beauty still appears.

*Brittain's (a) Left hand, which when she shall unite,*  
*As Nature dictates, and the Fates Invite,*  
And join her younger Sister on the Right:  
How shall they Mutual Wealth and Strength convey,  
And with Contempt the weaker World Survey!  
Till THAT BLEST HOUR, how does her Injur'd Name  
Sleep in the Rubbish of her Ancient Fame?  
*Buried in (b) Slander, by Reproach laid low:*  
And all the distant World believes her so;  
Then let us first survey her Fancy'd Herse,  
She'll find *some Resurrection* in our Verse;  
Till rousing from a long declining Fate,  
WHOLE BRITTAIN shall her Glory reinstate.

How have (c) *we plac'd her* out of Nature's Eye,  
Where Constant Colds *Few Seeds* of Life supply?  
Where Nature Chill'd some *despicables* dwell,  
*Immur'd with Darknes* and ally'd to Hell.  
No Moderate Blessings, no Endowment share,  
Nothing that's Pleasant *see*, nothing delightful *hear*:

(a) *Scotland* is allowed the Left hand of *Brittain* as to Wealth, *England* as her younger Sister in matter of Antiquity, must however be allowed the Right hand in Wealth and Trade, at least till Union, if ever that shall happen, make them all one.

(b) The scandalous Reproaches of Authors pretending to describe either her Climate, People, or Government have been intollerable, and have buried her Character with Noise and Slander; which being never yet defended in publick, or any Attempt made to clear up those things to the World, Foreign Nations are too much possess'd with the Belief of what, when the Truth comes to be examined, appears meer Fiction and Falsity.

(c) *Cleaveland* in his Poem upon *Scotland*, has said a Thousand extravagant things on these Heads.

But



But see the Horrid (a) Bear march round the Pole,  
 And feel her Piercing Breath Congeal the Soul.  
 Their Musick's Whirl-wind, and the shrill Echoing Roar  
 Of Frozen Seas on the Deserted Shore.

Legends of Fables fill our partial Heads,  
 Of Lands where Grass ne'r grows, or Mortal treads ;  
 Where keenest Winds and Storms Incessant blow  
 On Mountains cover'd with Eternal Snow ;  
 Where Nature never blooms, and Sun ne'r shines,  
 But Cold with Cold, and Frost with Frost Combines,  
 (b) Inhospitable Clime. 

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What Countrey's this? And whither are we gone?  
 Bright Caledonia, where will Fable run?  
 Suffer th' impartial Pen to range thy Shore,  
 And do thee (c) Justice, Nature asks no more:

Fitted for Commerce and cut out for Trade ;  
 The Seas the Land, the Land the Seas invade.  
 The Promontory Cliffs with Hights embosst,  
 And large deep Bays adorn thy dang'rous Coast ;  
 Alternately the Pilot's true Relief,  
 These warn at Distance, those receive him safe ;  
 The deep indented Harbours then invite,  
 First court by day, and then secure at night :  
 The wearied Sailors safe and true Recess,  
 A full Amends for wild Tempestuous Seas.

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(a) By the Horrid Bear is to be understood the Constellation so call'd, which Scotland, being so far North, easily sees in its whole Circular Motion round the Pole.

(b) This is as suggested by Foreign Authors, in open Injury of Scotland, and one of the principal Reasons of this Poem.

(c) 'Tis presum'd this Part will clear the Author from a Charge of Flattery, he designing to say nothing in this Poem, but what Justice and the Nature of things require.

# CALEDONIA, &c.

6

Nature that well foreknows a Nations Fate,  
Thus fitted *Caledonia* to be great.

Her (a) *various Aspects* the Design explain,

And (b) *Circumstances* shall resist in vain.

subject no more to ev'ry cross Event,  
She shall be *Great and Rich*, as Nature meant.

*View next her Seas*, from ancient Terrors nam'd,

For *Bug-bear* Storms, by *Bug-bear* Sailors fam'd.

(c) *Phœnician* Sailors, wise in Ignorance,

That dream't of (d) *THULE*, yet afraid t'advance;

(a) *Various Aspects*, Respecting the Situation of the Coast, or the Plan of the Countrey, which easily discovers that *Scotland* is equally qualified for Trade with any Nation in the World, whether we consider her Openness to all Parts of the Trading World; or the Convenience of her Harbours, safe Roads, and Neighbourhood both to the *German* and *Atlantick* Oceans.

(b) Her unhappy Circumstances, with respect to the rest of *Brittain*, have, without doubt, been the great Obstructions of her Prosperity, particularly as to Trade.

(c) The Ancients, in their sailing these Seas, were strangely surprized at two things, 1. The Length of the Days, which they, being generally *Phœnicians* and South-Countrey Merchants, had not been used to: From whence some of them, more addicted to superstitious Observations than the rest, blindly imagined, that (since the farther they went North-ward, the Days were the longer, and in some parts hardly any Night) the *Elisum Shades* must needs be thereabouts, and that if they should go further, they should come at length to Bright Eternal Day. 2. They were surpriz'd, not with the Storms and Tempests only, but with the Tides and Currents, which were not only strange to 'em, but particularly terrible, in that they drove 'em in amongst the Rocks and shores, where they often perish'd, not from any Real Danger, but for Want of Judgment. From whence we have them often expressing themselves in this manner,

— — — And *BRITISH* Seas,  
Where Storms incessant blow,  
And Tides uncertain ebbe and flow.

(d) *Thule*, an Island in the north of *Scotland*, was frequently fabled among the Ancients to represent the *Elisum*, which could be for no other Reason than the Length of the Days.

Bright *THULE* far advanc'd in raging Seas.

*Dierum spatia ultra nostri O. bis mensuram. & nox clara, & extrema Britanniæ parte brevis, ut finem atque initium Lucis exiguò discrimine internoscas --- Nec Solem occidere & exurgere, sed transire adfirmant. Tacit. Vit. Agricola: Cap. 12 Sect. 5.*

Thy



PART I.

7

*Thy lengthen'd Sun* with uncooth Joy survey,  
 And vainly dream'd it led to bright Eternal Day :  
*Unblest'd with Art*, yet from *thy Ocean* fly,  
 Afraid to live, because afraid to die.  
 To them *thy Wealth* and *Stores* were unreveal'd,  
 And all beyond thee happily conceal'd.  
 Had they thy *Scally Shoals of Blessings* known,  
 'They'd long since chose *thy Shores*, and quite forgot *their own*.  
 Thine had been *India*, and thy Golden Seas  
 Had fill'd their Antique Songs. —————  
 But Fear, that *Negative of Glory*, gave  
 This Gift *appropriat* to a Race more brave.  
 The frighted *South-taught* Navigators fly,  
 And *mock'd with Fear*, their own Success destroy.  
 Unpractis'd in thy watry Wars, they shun  
 Thy safer Coast, and at a Distance run.

*Thy Seas*, tho vast, and in Extent unknown,  
 In Wealth and Strength to Thee (a) subservient grown.  
 Calm Tides, smooth Surface, and a shining Brow,  
 And gentle Gales for Wealth and Commerce blow.  
 These reconcile the once so dreadful Waste,  
 And Art and Industry supply the rest.

(b) Hail Science, Nature's second Eye,  
 Begot on Reason by Philosophy,  
 Man's Telescope to all that's Deep and High;

(a) The Seas indeed in these parts are subject to Storms, but nothing unusual, or uncommon with the rest of Britain.

(b) This is a Poetical Excursion upon the extraordinary Improvement and Perfection which the World has attain'd in the practical part of Navigation.

*What Infinites dost thou pursue !*

*The Tangl'd Skeines of Nature how undo !*

*Pierce all her darkeſt Clouds, her Knots untie,*

*And leave her naked to the wandering Eye.*

*What Guſt of Knowledge blew thee off to Sea ?*

*A deſperate Curioſity.*

*In Mountain-Waves, and raging Wind,*

*Tell us, what couldſt thou hope to find ?*

*'Tis answer'd,---Theſe are Natures Schools,*

*To teach the Power of Art and Rules :*

*From hence what vaſt inſtructing things thou'ſt brought,*

*Befides the Huge Remains not yet found out,*

*But of all Knowledge, this was ſure the beſt,*

*As 'tis the Pole-ſtar to the reſt.*

*How wing'd with Science, men might trace*

*The foaming Oceans rougheſt Face ;*

*Plow the vaſt Furrows of th' amazing Deep,*

*With Eaſe and Safety ſail and ſleep.*

*No more th' uncertain Northern Tides ſhall fright,*

*Familiar Dangers leſſen to the Sight;*

*The Rocks and Sands, the threatning Shore,*

*Pledges of certain Death before.*

*Now Roads and Harbours found for help appear,*

*And ſhow the Follies of our ancient Fear;*

*Under their Weather Banks we calmly ride*

*Danger and Safety they divide.*

*Now they appear the Aids of Providence,*

*The Sailors Safety, and the Lands Defence.*

*Bold Science whither wilt thou ſtear,*

*See how the Tempeſts arm'd with Death, appear;*



Read but the threatening Language of the Skies,  
 How gathering Clouds, *with-Child* of Thunders rise;  
 See Mountains heap'd in strong Rebellion move,  
 See *Offa* top'd with *Pelion*, threatening *Jove*;  
 See angry Nature rous'd to Civil War,  
 'Twas Prudence first taught Mankind how to fear;

*Bold Science, whither wilt thou Steer!*

*Vain Caution!* See the daring Nymph sets Sail,  
 What Fear calls Storm, *she* calls a welcome Gale;  
 On raging Waves, and Mountain Billows tost,  
 She fees *with Joy* her Port, *with Joy* she quits the Coast;  
 The Wind's embrac'd with high expanded Wings  
 The Sailors sleep and fly, *the Pilot sings*;  
 Sometimes he mounts so high, he turns his Ear,  
 And listens for the Musick of a Sphere;  
*Charm'd with the Symphony*, he'll Confort keep,  
 And Beat true Time, tho' he reviews the Deep.

She's gone, new Worlds she seeks, new Worlds she finds,  
 She rides on Tempests, and improves the Winds,  
 Th' Elemental Terrors she'll despise,  
 And Bully Neptune boldly she defies.

See how Mankind *by her Experience* taught,  
 Has all to Rule and Method brought;  
 The (a) *Practicable Seas* to Art submit,  
 And Wealth and Commerce freely circulate;

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(a) *Practicable Seas*, made so by the Improvements of Navigation, and particularly the Extraordinary Methods of Building, as well as of Managing great Ships, fitting them to bear the roughest Sea, and to sail to the remotest parts of the World.

With steady hand *th' experienc'd Pilot Steers,*  
 And laughs in Northern Waves at Southern Fears,  
 Defies the *two and thirty Hosts* of Air,  
 And sits compos'd i'th' midst of Elemental War,  
 All unconcern'd at Natures Quarrels, he,  
 To *his own Use*, applies their Enmity.

The Furious Wind, the Water's Rage,  
 He wisely joins to his Just End, *the Voyage* :  
 In this he makes *their pointed Rage* agree,  
 And forms *their Discord* into Harmony.

So jarring Parties in a State,  
 By the Wise Conduct of the Crown,  
 Are manag'd to support the Magistrate,  
 And fix that Power they struggle to pull down.

Knowledge gives Courage, Science makes Men brave ;  
 Folly drives headlong to the Grave :  
 For Ignorance and Fear make Cowards run  
 Into those Dangers they'r afraid to shun.

Discretion only makes Men safe and bold,  
 While Fears the Remedies withhold ;  
 Fear holds the Gates of Reason fast,  
 Shuts out its help, and *for the Coxcomb's* lost.

The Pilot now, Consummate in his Skill,  
 Made safe by Nature, mounts the Watry Hill ;  
 Thro' Paths untrod, and Mazes of the Deep,  
 He Cuts *his Guided Course*, the rough, the steep,

Are



*Are all made smooth to him,* he knows his Way,  
 He neither fears the Night, nor Courts the Day:  
 Thro' all the Tempests *Midnight Rage* he flies,  
 Visits the Bottoms now, *anon the Skies*.

When up to Heav'n he mounts, the Cheering Sun  
 Makes glad, and 'tis the same when darting down;  
 To all the Dark abyss *he shoots* and sees,  
 The Hollow Deeps of *Natures Nudities*;  
 Till his Blest Port with steady Hand he finds:  
 And thus to Art *he reconciles the Winds*.

*Thus vanishes the Horrid* and the Wild,  
 And Nature's now with pleasant Eyes beheld;  
 When Boreas *mad with northern Vapours* raves,  
*We smile*, and with Contempt survey the Waves  
 Art reconciles the Elements, and Trade  
 Can now with ease the *Globes Extremes* invade.  
 Eternal circulating Commerce flows,  
 And ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Nation *knows*.  
*Torrid* and *Frigid* scale, and joyn the Poles,  
 And far as Wind can blow, or Water rolls,  
*Ships sail*, and Men *in search of Wealth* will trace  
 All the *Meanders* of the Universe.

The rough, the smooth, to men of Art submit;  
 The Northern Winter Cold, or Southern Heat,  
 With equal Safety, and with equal Ease,  
 Calm *Caspian Lakes*, and *Caledonian Seas*.  
 By *Natures Aid*, and Arts concurring Law,  
 Dangers are only Helps to draw.

The *Thirsts of Honour* Generous Minds bewitch,  
And Danger tempts the Brave, *as Gold the Rich*.

'Twas Courage first that ventur'd out to Sea,  
Young in Experience, as Philosophy.  
Noah himself had certainly been drown'd,  
Had not his Courage, *as his Faith*, been found.

Hail Caledonia, by vast Seas embrac't ;  
Those Seas for Glory, Wealth and Terror plac't.  
Dreadful in Fame, to thee familiar grown,  
Suited to no mens Temper like thy own.

The bounteous Ocean (a) fraught with native Gold,  
Sav'd it for thee ; *by its own Curse*, (b) the Cold.  
Had not the Storms and Tempests govern'd here,  
And fenc'd this *long hid Treasure* round with Fear,  
Past Ages had thy rifled Store decreast,  
And Foreign Nations all thy Wealth possess.  
Wealth that well suits a hardy Race like thine,  
That dares through Storms and Death pursue the Mine.  
Wealth hid from Cowards, and the fainting Hand,  
Scard with the Sea's content to starve by Land.

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(a) Fraught with Native Gold, i.e. the Treasure of the Fish, which is Gold efficiently, because an immense Treasure is drawn from it by all those Nations that apply themselves to that Trade.

(b) That Cold which by the Ancients was thought intolerable and kept those Seas for so many Ages impracticable, doubtless prevented the Discovery of the great Treasure of the Fishery, was, not that their taking of them could have lessened the Quantity; but without doubt Foreign Nations might have been prompted not to have fish'd here only, and in time have been too strong to be displac'd, but perhaps have taken Possession of the Land for the sake of the Vast Trade: And so a more powerful Nation have dispossess the *Scots* both of their Trade and their Country too.

But



But when thy daring Sons the Waves explore,  
 The Ocean yields her (a) unexhausted Store :  
 Thy open Harbours all her Gifts divide,  
 And Seas of Wealth roll in with ev'ry Tide :  
 The Golden Shoals thy very Nets pursue,  
 Laugh at the lesser Treasures of Peru ;  
 Prompt thee to change the meanness of thy State,  
 Bids thee, when e're thou wilt, be rich and great.

Tell us ye Sons of Myst'ry, from what Hand,  
 What (b) secret High Command  
 Gives out the Word that's heard to Natures Deep;  
 Where all the Scaly Tribes their Councils keep ?  
 Who tells them when the very Month arrives ?  
 And who the secret Order gives ?  
 When from the Womb of Wonders far by North,  
 The mighty Slymy Hosts come forth ;  
 The num'rous Legions spread the Sea,  
 The wondring frightened Waves give way ;  
 Forward the Mighty moving Hosts push on,  
 All guided by a Hand unknown.

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(a) Not our Experience only allows the Store to be unexhausted, in that the Quantity is every Year renewed; but Authors tell us, that even in their daily Fishing in one and the same place, when great Quantities are taken up, yet those that remain, and may immediately be taken in the same place, seem not to be lessened. *Minorum ad littora piscium tanta benignitate Dei Opt. Max. preventus est, & quo major frumenti Caritas est, eo etiam uberius, ut cum uno quovis die ingentem vim abstuleris, postmodum illius Diei non minor, eodem in loco appareat.* Hæc. Boeth. Scot. Reg. Descriptio. p. 8.

(b) Secret high Command. The wonderful Original and Causes of the Prodigious Quantity of Herring which appear in their exact Seasons, Places and Quantities upon all the Coasts of Scotland is the Occasion of this Digression.



Th' Involuntary well directed Fry,  
The *unknown something* readily obey.

No Pilot can with more Exactness steer,  
Not Sun or Moon divides the Year,  
Not the revolving Stars their Course obey,

Not Darkneſs can ſucceed the Day,  
With a more punctual ſteady Pace,  
In Manner, Meaſure, Time and Place;

True to the very Diſtance of the Shore,  
They'r never, where they never were before !  
Where there's but few, there ever was but few,  
To ev'ry Circumſtance ſo true.

Such Courſes ſteer, ſuch Orders keep,  
Thro' all the wandring Mazes of the Deep;  
As if the Ancient Paths they could diſcry,  
Or read their Father's Hiſtory :

Then *Caledonians* lend an humble Ear,  
And your own (a) *ill accepted Bleſſings* hear,  
From the profound unmeaſur'd Deeps  
Where Nature all her Wonders keeps.  
Her (b) *Handmaid Inſtinct*, this Bleſt Meſſage gave  
To all the Watry Crew beneath the Watry Cave.

---

(a) *Ill accepted.* It muſt be owned, *Scotland* has not given that full welcome to this Gift of Heaven, the Fiſh that Nature and Providence ſeemed to expect from them, for whoſe Benefit without Doubt they were appointed.

(b) *Inſtinct* is here repreſented as delivering a Meſſage in the Watry Audience, and making a Speech to the Fiſh, the Image, its hoped is not improper, nor is the Liberty taken at all unpoetical; ſo I make no excuſe for it, but think, that what we call *Inſtinct*, may ſerve to repreſent Nature in all the Creatures obeying their Times and Seasons, exactly according to the great and juſt Law of Creation, and the Influence of Inviſible Providence.



# PART I.

13

Go Numberless and spread the Finny Sail,  
 And find Britannia Nature's Darling Isle ;  
 There spread your Scaly Squadrons, and submit,  
 Your Makers Law Commands, To Every Net.  
 Be You Their Wealth and plenteously supply  
 What Coldest Soil and Steril Climes deny.  
 Be You Their Envy'd Blessing, and attend  
 The willing Prey, to the undustrious Hand,  
 In proper Squadrons all your Troops divide,  
 And visit Every Creek, with Every Tide.  
 Present your selves to every Hungry Door,  
 Employ The Diligent, and feed The Poor.  
 If they reject the Bounties of the Sea  
 Bid 'em Complain (b) no more of Poverty.  
 Upbraid their sloth, and then return to me,  
 (c) Visit no other Port.

The punctual well instructed Fish obey,  
 And Scaly Squadrons spread the Northern Sea,  
 Directly point their Course, and find the Shore,  
 As if they'd all been here before.  
 Their equal Distance keep, divide and join,  
 As if they're taught by Book, or steer'd by Line :

(a) Without question they supply very much any Defect of Provisions, which either by the Sterility of the Countrey, or rather want of Improvement, that People may labour under.

(b) Indeed 'tis strange to think they should let such a Wealth pass by them, and at the same time complain of Poverty.

(c) Visit no other Port, it is plain they are not found in any considerable quantity in any Seas but these, and 'tis supposed they return to the Northward again, where the Prodigious Breed must increase sufficiently to supply for the next Years Voyage.



Their strong Detachments send to every Creek,  
 In just Proportion their own Mischiefs seek:  
 Seek out the Harbours, seek the Indented Shore,  
 T'employ the Diligent, and feed the Poor.  
 No other Port they visit.

Ah! *Caledonia*, mark the High Command,  
 And mark the Caution of the Heavenly Hand ;  
 If thou reject the Bounties of the Sea,  
 No more Complain of Poverty.

Hadst thou in early time with Wisdom grac't  
 Heav'n's Bounty, as in Duty bound, embrac't,  
 Above the Nations thou hadst rais'd thy Head,  
 At Home their Envy, and abroad their Dread,  
 Thy Wealthy Clime would all the World invite,  
 They'd Court Thee to Unite.

No more of Barren Hills and Seas complain,  
 Reproach the Land with Blasts, with Storms the Main.

Not all the Spicy Banks of (a) *Ganges* Stream,  
 Not Fruitful *Nile* so oft the Poets Dream,

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(a) *Ganges* and *Nilus*, one a River in *India*, the other in *Egypt*; The first famous for its rich Spices and Drugs, and the other for the Prolific Virtue of its Water, on the constant Regular Overflowings whereof, the Fruitfulness of the Land depends. Whence some tell us, The seven Years Famine in that Countrey in the Time of *Joseph* was occasion'd from the *Nile's* not overflowing its Banks during that Term.

Not



Not (a) Isles of Pearl, not rich (b) Pacifick Seas,

Not the more Fruitful (c) *Caribbees*,

Not (d) *Africks* Wealth or *Chilean* Stores,

The *Silver* (e) *Mountains*, or the *Golden Shores*,

Could such an (f) Unexhausted Treasure boast,

A Treasure *how* *supinely* lost!

What Pains has Scotland taken to be Poor,

That has the *Indies* at her Door;

That lets her *Coursest Fate* of Choice remain,

And fees her Maker *Bountiful in Vain*.

When *Caledonians*, when will you be wise,  
And search for *certain Wealth* in Native Seas?

A Wealth by Heav'n design'd for *none but You*,

A Wealth that does your very Hands pursue.

(a) Islands so call'd lying in the Gulph of *Mexico*, where the Pearl Fishing has been worth Immense Sums to the *Spaniard*.

(b) The Great Ocean on the West-side of *America*, Vulgarly, Tho I think Improperly, call'd, The *South Seas*.

(c) The *Caribbees* Islands, which, as now Improv'd by the *English*, are suppos'd to yield the greatest Produce of any Spot of Ground in the World of equal Extent.

(d) *Guinea* in *Africk*, and *Chili* in *America*, being the two principal places which supply the World with Gold.

(e) *Silver Mountains*. The Mountains of *Potosi* in the Country of *Peru*, thought by some to be all Silver, but without Question, is the richest of that kind in the World. *Golden Shores*: Meaning the Rivers of *Guinea*, in the Sands of which is taken up the Gold Dust, as it is wash'd out of the Mountains by the Water.

(f) *Unexhausted Treasure*. The *Fishery*, and therefore very well propos'd to match the Treasures before spoken of, not only in its Value, but in this Peculiar, *That'tis never exhausted*. Nor is it all the less for the Prodigious Quantities that are or might be Annually taken. Which some Authors have observ'd, That they were enough to subsist the whole Nation, if there were no other Provision. *Tanta Piscium est Exundantia, cum ubique tum quo magis ad Septentrionem accedas, ut vel ii soli sufficere possint ad pastum Insula totius*: Boeth. de Descrip. Reg. Scot.



Upbraids You with Neglect of Your own Right,  
And courts *Invading Neighbours in your Sight.*

When *Caledonians*, when will You be wise?  
When from Your Clouded Circumstances rise?  
Banish Invaders, *Heaven's own Gifts* enjoy,  
This would Your *Native Poverty* destroy,  
This would restore Your Ancient dear bought Name,  
This, and Your *Valour*, would revive Your Fame;  
How would Your Navies quickly spread the Seas,  
And guard that Wealth they help You to possess?  
How would Your Commerce all Your Sons restore,  
And they'd seek Home that *shun'd that Home before?*  
With Wealth and People, Happy, Rich and Free,  
You'd first *Improve the Land*, and then *the Sea*;  
Be Strong, be Great, be Rich, be *Europe's Fear*,  
Their War, their Wealth, their Trade, their Honours share.

But let's *Retreat*, Who can the Scene survey,  
And View this Wealth the Neighbour Nations Prey;  
What Eye, that's *Caledonia's Friend*, can see  
Her Sons on Shore, and *Strangers spread the Sea?*  
Who can, with *Patience*, View her People Poor,  
And *Mines of Wealth* snatch'd up at ev'ry Door?  
The Bounty Heav'n for their Peculiar meant,  
Reapt by the Hands to whom 'twas never sent,  
The Ocean plunder'd, the Advantage fold,  
While *these* enjoy the Tempests, *those* the Gold.

Hail,



Hail *Blest Conjunction*, Britain's last *Best Hope*,  
 Shall *Caledonia* to her self restore;  
 Assert her long neglected Property,  
 Her Blessing, her Inheritance, the Sea.

In hopes of this, let's land and range the Shore,  
 And view the Nation that the World calls Poor.  
 Plenty's a doubtful Word mistook by most,  
 A modern Term for Luxury and Waste.  
 So *Canaan* flow'd the Lands in Plenty drown'd;  
 Yet Egypt did in vast Increase abound.  
 The World's amus'd with different Forms of Words,  
 When various Sense the various Thought affords.  
 Nature's by vast Comparisons explain'd,  
 And all her Contradictions so maintain'd.  
 So *Scotland's Barren, Fruitful, Poor and Rich*;  
 Speak Malice, Speak Insulters, tell us which.  
 Describe the Globe, run all the Climates o'er,  
 She's Poor compar'd to Rich, and Rich compar'd to Poor.

In Climates next, let's view her Northern Coast,  
 A fruitful Stile, with Epithets embos't,  
 The Horrid, Boistrous, Barren, and the Cold,  
 What Fabl'd Monstrous Stories have been told!  
 Yet range the Globe, and her Extremes survey,  
 And sail from (a) *Magellan* to *Hudsons Bay*;  
 Ditto the *Fest*, and when the Truth's but told,  
 She's Cold compar'd to Hot, and Hot compar'd to Cold.

(a) The two extreme Parts of *America*, and almost both uninhabitably Cold, and to which *Scotland* being compared, may be stiled a hot Climate, as compar'd to *Mexico* and *Pern*, she merits the Name of Cold.



Nor is there less of Injury appears  
 About her Mountains, or her Mountaineers.  
 View but the Savage (a) *Madagascar* Moors,  
 (b) *Campeche* Indians, or (c) *Circassian* Boors,  
 And when the Characters we shall compare,  
 A Northern Highland-man's a Christian there.  
 Polite his Manners, and his (d) *Modern Dress*,  
 Is Beauty all, when match't with Ugliness.

(a) A most savage People, that go naked, live on raw Flesh, and are the most Brutal of any people in the World.

(b) *Campeche* Indians are some of them the most Barbarous and Inhuman of any of the *American* Race, among whom have been found absolute Cannibals, that devour one another

(c) The *Circassian* Boors are a sort of *Tartars* now under the Dominion of the Czar of *Muscovy*, very Cruel and Barbarous, and far worse than the most was ever pretended of the wild *Irish* or any sort of People in these parts of the World.

(d) I take the Highland Plaid, or the Dress of these Highland-men, to be the Remain of the Mantle of the Ancient *Goths*, and the same thing, applyed to the same Uses of the — of the Moors of *Africk*, since both People use it to cover them in the Night, and therefore make no Scruple to carry it by Day in the hottest Weather.



## PART II.

**T**He Plan's Describ'd, the Seas and Shores Survey'd;  
 Let's now the Treasures of the Land Invade,  
 Traverse their Hills, and all their Vales Descry,  
 And spread their just Description to the Eye.  
 The *Rugged Nation* plac'd by Nature here,  
 Shall in their *fancied Poverty* appear;  
 The World shall blush; when they their Picture see,  
 And Fame grow *Proud to Print* their History.  
 The Soil no more *unjust Reproach* shall bear,  
 For all they Talk of Barren's *slander here*,  
 And 'tis, or *may be* Fruitful ev'ry where.

A hardy Race possess the stormy Strand,  
 And share the Moderate Bountys of the Land,  
 Fitted by Nature for the *Baistrous Climate*,  
 And larger Blessings will grow due by time;  
 The num'rous Off-spring patient and sedate,  
 With Courage *special to the Climate* wait.  
 When *Nigard Nature* shall their Nation hear,  
 Shall smile, and pay them all the Vast Arrear.

A *manly surliness*, with Temper mix'd,  
 Is on their meanest Countenances fix'd.



An awful Frown fits on their threatening Brow,  
 And yet the Soul's all smooth, and Calm below;  
 Thinking in Temper, rather grave than Gay,  
 Fitted to govern, able to obey.  
 Nor are their Spirits *very soon* inflam'd,  
 And if provok'd, not *very soon* reclaim'd.  
 Fierce when resolv'd, and fix'd as Bars of Brass,  
 And Conquest *through their Blood* can only pass.

In spight of *Coward Cold*, the Race is Brave,  
 In Action Daring, and in Council Grave;  
 Their haughty Souls in Danger always grow,  
 No Man *durst lead 'em where they durst not go*.  
 Sedate in Thought, and steady in Resolve,  
 Polite in Manners, and as Years Revolve;  
 Always secure their largest share of Fame,  
 And by their Courage keep alive their Name.

The lab'ring Poor *defected* and suppress'd,  
 See not th' *approaching Prospect* of their Rest.  
*Knowledge of Liberty's* their only want,  
 And loss of *Expectation's* their Content.  
 Too much subjected to immoderate Power,  
Their Petty Tyrants all their Pains devour.



Th' (a) extorting Masters their just hopes **Restrain,**

And (b) Diligence is no where *more in vain.*

The (c) *Little Chiefs*, for what they call their due,

Eat up the *Farme* and eat the *Farmer too*;

Suck the Life-Blood, of Tennant and Estate,

And needless Poverty to both create.

Mistake their Int'rest, Nati'nal Ills procure,

And make the Poor be *very very poor.*

Th' unhappy Drudge, yet bears the mighty Load,

With strange *unnat'ral Temperance* endow'd,

So servile, *so unus'd* to Liberty;

He seems the last, that *wishes to be free,*

Prepost'rous Wonder !

Where will Nature run,

That Men should *Struggle* to be *twice Undone*;

(a) The Racking the Tennant, is not only a suppressing of the Poor, and discouraging of his Industry, but an Error in the Landlord himself as to his own Interest, preventing the Improvement of his Land, and disabling him from doing abundance of things, which would in the End be his own Advantage : And tho' abating this might in some measure lessen the immediate Income ; yet would certainly in Time, turn to the Advantage of the Family, as well as the Encouragement of the People.

(b) 'Ts impossible the Farmer in *Scotland* can ever grow Rich, while the Rent of his Farm amounts within a small matter, to the Extent of the Product, and while if a scarce Year comes, he is intirely Ruined ; whereas if a good Year comes, he either enjoys not the Benefit, or does not enjoy it long ; it being in his Landlords Power, upon all Occasions, to raise his Demands.

(c) *Little Chiefs*, The Author is here willing to suppose that generally speaking, no Landlords, but such as are of small Estates, would thus disregard their own Interest, or continue the Oppressions of the Poor, Their Necessities not permitting 'em to be more Generous.



Afflictions make Men Stupid, Nature winks,  
And *Sense o'relaid*, he acts before he thinks ;  
Subjected Nature fetter'd with Distress

Dozes, and Bondage does the Soul possess,  
Endeavour Slackness, all the Prospects dy,  
And with the *Hope*, the *Love of Liberty*.

Yet under all the Hardships of their State,  
They've something seems to claim a softer Fate ;  
Nor does it claim alone, The Grand Portent  
Foretells the Blessing, and decrees th'Event.  
'Tis plainly printed on the Painful Brow,  
They shall not *always* be supprest *as now* ;  
Th'approaching Light at Distance dawns, the Ray  
Darts a Dim Earnest of the Welcome Day.  
When sleeping Bondage doom'd to *lasting Night*,  
Shall help to make the *Chearing Beam* more bright.  
Th'enlighten'd Crowd shall their own Freedom see,  
*For willful Blindness only, shuts out Liberty* ;

Bondage is Ignorance, and he that sees,  
Needs no directer Cure for that Disease.  
*Knowledge and Liberty go Hand in Hand,*  
*Fools only will obey, when Knaves command ;*  
The Sordid Yoke no longer can be born,  
When once he sees he must the Grievance scorn ;

He



He that in Blind Dependence now submits,  
Will rouse *his Strength*, when he shall rouse *his Wits*;  
*Nature prevails*, and Sense in Exercise  
The Chains on Reason nat'rally unties.

Thus when *new Sight* shall once but bless the Poor,  
'Tis these will Scotland's Liberty Restore;  
The strong Conviction no Man can resist,  
And Blindness shall against her Will be blest;

And now, in all their Miseries, let's View  
What Blessings they industriously pursue;  
What just Equivalent they can supply,  
For loss of Wealth, and loss of Liberty:

Th' *Instructed Poor* Laborious and Suppressed;  
Yet in their very Miseries are blest;  
Crush'd with injurious Homage they obey  
GOD and their Landlord, but with diff'rent Eye;  
And yet to both they pay without Regrett,  
To *this the Homage*, and to *that the Debt*.  
The *Negatives* of Nature they Endure,  
In Virtue Rich, tho in Possessions Poor,  
Knowing in *Sacreds*, in Religion Nice,  
And ignorant in *nothing more* than Vice:  
What Crimes they have, *they borrow* from Mankind;  
Hell's Manufactures here are *contraband*.  
Imported by the help of *Foreign Trade*,  
Clandestinely enjoy'd, clandestinely convey'd.



Unusual Judgment fills the *meaner Heads*,  
*Devotion* follows as *Instruction* leads.  
 Grave in Behaviour, in Discourse *sedate*,  
 And apter to *believe* than to *debate* ;  
 And if they can exceed in doing Well,  
 'Tis in a *little little TOO MUCH ZEAL*.

In Doctrine sound, in Discipline severe,  
 The Church obtains her *True Dominion* here.  
 And yet *her soft Coercives* yield no Pow'r,  
 Either to persecute, or to devour.  
 Fiercely tenacious of determin'd Truth,  
 Dreadful to Error, Vigilant of both.  
 The wild Opinions of a *Neighb'ring State*,  
 Find here no *Atom-Fancies* to create :  
 The strong fermented Venom hither brought,  
 Like *Irish Poisons*, perish in the Thought ;  
 Here no *Enthusiastick Notion* grows,  
 The only *Barrenness* the Nation knows.

A *Mitred Jest* indeed, the Land perplex'd,  
 Of Pomp and Pride, and Policy so mix'd ;  
 The *awkward medly* left us in Debate,  
 Whether it did proceed from Church or State,  
 Begot by *Power*, and introduc'd by *Plot*,  
 With Tyranny *came in*, with Tyranny *went out* ;  
 But ill agreeing with *preciser Air*,  
 It soon grew yellow, pale and sickly here.  
 The People Wise, and in Religion Nice,  
 Could not be gull'd with such a Faint Device.



Some Blood *the Monster* drank, but when it try'd  
 To take a Dose of Liberty, IT DY'd.  
 But if their Civil State some Praise affords,  
 Much greater are the Trophies of their Swords.  
 Ages of Blood have brought them up to War  
 And their strong Legions breath in every Air,  
 (a) They taught the very *Swedes* themselves to Fight,  
 And spight of Dulness arm'd the (b) *Muscovite*;  
 The fordid *Rufs*, to discipline they Train  
 And fain would teach the (c) *Poles*, but that's in vain.  
 Th' untracted Brute in Ignorance too Wise,  
 Learn't only how Experience to despise.  
 Nothing keeps Nature clos'd in Fayl like Pride,  
 Squadrons of Page-like Crimes before her ride,  
 And Ignorance is always next her side.

(a) At the Battle of *Leipsick*, the *Scots* were the first that were ever seen to fire with their Ranks clos'd forward, and their Pieces over one another's Shoulders, or as we call it, *kneel, stoop, and stand*, which was such a Surprise to the *Germans*, pouring in such a Quantity of Lead upon them together, that they could not stand it, which the King of *Sweden* own'd, was the great Occasion of the Victory, and practiz'd it afterwards among all his Troops.

(b) The *Scots* Officers have all along been the Instructors of the *Muscovites*, and if they are the worst Soldiers in *Europe*, it has not been for want of good Masters but by being dull Scholars, tho something may be ascrib'd to the Constitution of their Country, arming only the Boors, and not entertaining 'em as Soldiers, but demitting 'em after the Occasion, to their Employments again, which Method the present Czar having alter'd, the *Russians* to *Europe's* Cost, are not unlikely to show the World they have been very well taught.

(c) The Pride and Haughtiness of the *Pole* has made him disdain to be Instructed, and consequently their Foot (especially) are good for nothing in the Field.



Where shall we all their Ancient Glory trace,  
The forward Nations court the very Race :

Not *Europe* ventures to commence a War

But *Caledonian* Blood demands her Share,

And if 'tis bought or sold, 'tis always very dear

(a) *Leipsick*---- a Name in Fames red letter'd Roll

Matchless in War, where from the Frozen Pole

(b) *Finland* sent Monsters, Strangers to the Sun,

Bred up to fight, by great *Gustave* led on;

And yet by hardy (c) *naked Scots* out-done.

Voracious *Tilly* just made drunk with Blood,

At (d) *Magdeburgh* he rais'd the Crimson Flood,

Thogorg'd with Slaughter, yet a Thirst for more,

Approach't, all *Europe* trembled at his Power.

In *Leipsick* Plains the dreadful Scene begun,

On brighter Deeds the Sun himself ne're shone.

(a) Particularly famous for the great Battle between the Imperialists and the Swedes, the 3d. of September, Anno— and afterwards for being the occasion of the great Battle at *Lutzen*, where the King of Sweden was slain, having made a long March to relieve this City then besieged by the Imperialists: But coming too late, he attack'd their Army, and overthrew 'em, but lost his Life.

(b) The *Finland* Horse in the *Swedish* Army grew a Terror to the Germans by their Extraordinary Bravery and Discipline.

(c) The *Scots* at the Battle of *Leipsick* were very ill clothed, and had complain'd of it to their Officers, who had often promis'd 'em a Supply, and being just entering into the Battle, Sir *John Hepburn*, who commanded 'em, pointing to the Imperial Army, jestingly told them, *Their Clothes were come, Tilly had brought 'em on purpose for 'em, and if they would have 'em, they must fight for 'em.*

(d) *Tilly* had just taken *Magdeburgh* by Storm, and in a terrible manner sacked and destroy'd the Town, put Seventeen thousand People to the Sword, Men, Women and Children, and afterwards burnt the whole City to Ashes, and made himself Terrible to all the Protestants in Europe.

*Tilly's*



Tilly's first Fury broke the (a) *Saxon* Line,  
 And cry'd *Victoria*, all the Troops fall in,  
 With Blood and Terror glittering Eagles shine.  
 The *Scots* reserv'd for Dangers hither flye,  
 Dangers *their Post by Nation*, taught to dy,  
 And wing'd with Rage they (b) *ravish'd Victory*.

Not the unequal Squadrons, not the Day  
 Half lost, not slaughter'd Saxons in the way,  
 Not formidable Death, *that Fes't of War*,  
 In whatsoever shapes she durst appear,  
 Could their intrepid *stedy Motion* stay,  
 Nothing but slaughter'd Foes and Victory ;  
 (c) Surrounded, they with doubl'd Fury fight,  
 And pleas'd with Danger, shine in (d) *naked white*,

(a) The Duke of Saxony's Troops formed the Left of the *Swedish* Army the King of *Sweden* having the Right : upon the first Charge, the Right of the Imperialists broke the *Saxons*, and drove 'em quite out of the Field, killing between two and three Thousand upon the Spot; and had not the *Scots* interpos'd, they had been all cut to pieces.

(b) The *Scots* being about twelve Battallions of Foot, joyn'd with some Dragoons, made the second Line of the *Swedish* Army; and finding how Matters went with the *Saxons* on their Flank, they immediately wheel'd to the Left, and joyning a Brigade of Foot of the *Saxons*, not yet broken, they fell in upon the pursuing Imperialists, and by their extraordinary Fury, turn'd the Fortune of the Day.

(c) The Imperial Dragoons being recalled from the Pursuit of the *Saxons*, and being Superiour in Number, surrounded the *Scots*, falling in upon their Flank, which making them Desperate, they fought like Mad men, and made a terrible slaughter of the Enemy.

(d) In the Fury of this Fight, the *Scots* threw off their Cloaths and fought in their Shirts; the Novelty of which struck a strange Terror into their Enemies, and convinced 'em, that despising all Danger, these were resolv'd to Conquer.

H

(a) *Gustavus*



(a) *Gustavus* saw how Fury like they fought,  
 And *better witnesses* never Soldiers fought ;  
 The mighty Hero smil'd, with Wonder pleas'd,  
 And still they fought the more, the more he prais'd.  
 They Crown'd his Head with *Lawrell's* first, and he  
 To their just Valour (b) own'd his Victory.  
 From whence advancing with a just Applause,  
 The ruin'd Protestants abandon'd Cause ;  
 Religion and the Countrey they restore,  
 And grateful *Germany* commemorates the Hour.

In thirty Months continued fierce Campaign,  
 From *Leipsick* Plains, the *Neckar*, and the *Main*,  
 The *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and the *Lech* they crost,  
 No Battle where they fought was ever lost.  
 Never was such an Army, such a Head,  
 Such Men to follow, such a King to Lead :

---

(a) The King of *Sweden* hearing of the Distress the *Scots* were in, came in Person with a Body of Horse and Dragoons to their Relief, Charg'd the Imperial Dragoons who had engag'd their Flank, and soon clear'd 'em of that Incumbrance. But seeing how bravely they fought, and that there was no Danger on that Side, he call'd out Laughing to Sir *John Hepburn*, *ALLEGREMENT*, which is as much as to say in English, *Bravely done Boys*; and went back to his own Forces, where he soon overthrew the Imperialists, and compleated the Victory.

(b) Both the King of *Sweden* and the Elector of *Saxony*, publicly Complemented Sir *John Hepburn*, and the rest of the *Scots* Collonels upon the Occasion; and own'd the Victory to be very much owing to their extraordinary Behaviour.

Such



Such Countreys Travers'd, or such Battles won,  
Such Conquests made, or (a) *Conquests made so soon.*

Where shall we all their ancient Glories trace?  
Let's hasten down to *Ramellies* a pace;  
But stop at *Phillipsburg*, and ask *Turenne*,  
And read their ancient Trophies on the *Rhine*,  
How they did there the *Gallick* Name advance,  
And by their Blood gave Plumes to (b) *growing France*.  
*France*, that on Foreign Valour rais'd their Throne,  
By other Nations Swords, and not their own,  
Strip't of that Help how easily they fall,  
And faint like *Jericho* without her Wall.  
Recall'd from hence they (c) *Williams* Sword obey,  
And beat the *French* at *Mons* for (d) *want of Pay*;

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(a) In two Years and three Quarters, they Over-run two third Parts of the Empire, and were posses'd of the whole Countrey from *Wolfenbuttle* in *Westphalia*, where Duke *Hamilton* with another Body of *Scots* acted, to *Prague* in *Bohemia*; and had the King of *Sweden* Out-lived the Battle of *Lutzen*, he had bid fair to have taken Winter Quarters at *Vienna*.

(b) *To growing France*. The *Scots* Regiments under the Viscount de *Turenne*, and particularly *Douglafs's* Regiment, consisting then of 4 or 5000 Men, were the Flower of his Infantry, and help'd to make *France* Terrible; as at that time She was to all her Neighbours.

(c) *Williams* Sword. The *Scots* were Recall'd out of the *French* Service by King *Charles* the second, at the Instance of his Parliament, soon after the Marriage of the late King *William* then Prince of *Orange*, with the Princess *Mary*, a little before the Peace of *Nimeguen*, and Ordered to joyn the Prince of *Orange's* Army in *Flanders*.

(d) *Want of Pay*. When the *Scots* were Recall'd from the King of *France's* Service, they were very ill treated, carried to the Remotest Parts of *France*, and there Dismiss'd with but very little Money, ordered to Travel but two or three together, the Countrey order'd not to Trust them; and every where great Rewards offer'd 'em to List, on purpose to force 'em unto their Service; by which means very few of that great Body reach'd Home, but they that did, Vow'd to be reveng'd of the *French* if ever they came to hands with them, which they made good at the Battel of *Mons*.



Soon as the *Caledonian* Bands appear,  
 Not (a) *Luxemburg* himself disdain'd to fear;  
 'Twas on their Valour he had rais'd his Fame,  
 He knew they'd Conquer *whereſoe'er* they came.  
 He'd ſeen 'em fight when great (b) *Turenne* lay dead,  
 He'd ſeen them follow where he (c) durſt not lead;  
 He'd ſeen them fight when all the Army fled.  
 When wiſe (d) *de Lorge* to ſhun his own Defeat,  
 Under their Valour ſhelter'd his Retreat.

The experienc'd Hero, grave in War and State,  
 In this as ſober, as in that ſedate.  
 Adviſ'd his Maſter, caution'd by his Fear,  
 To gain the *Scots*, or elſe decline the War.

Then view 'em under fifteen Years Receſs,  
 Ranging thro' *Europe* to avoid the Peace.

(a) *Luxemburg himſelf*, The Duke of *Luxemburg* Commanding the *French* Army at *Mons*, Placing ſome of his beſt Infantry at a Poſt where he expected the Prince; told ſome of his Officers, that if the Prince of *Orange* ventur'd to Attack him there, he was ſure it muſt be with the *Scots* Regiments; intimating that they were the fitteſt Troops he had for ſo deſperate a Work.

(b) *Turenne* lay dead. When *Turenne* was kill'd, the *Scots* Brigade ſtood the ſhock of the firſt Line of the *German* Army, with ſo much Reſolution, that very much Recover'd the *French* out of the Surprize they were under for the Loſs of their General.

(c) *Durſt not lead*! 'Twas *Luxemburg's* Poſt that Day, to have been with the advanc'd Troops, amongſt which the *Scots* were poſted; but he thought fit to get himſelf imploy'd elſewhere, which ſome ſaid, was taken notice of in the Army, as if he thought the Service too Hot for him.

(d) *Wiſe D. Lorge*, who took upon him the Command of the Army at the Death of *Turenne*, obtain'd great Reputation by retreating the Army to an advantageous Poſt, while the extraordinary Bravery of the *Scots*, kept the whole *German* Army in play.

Battel



Battel and Death they make their chief Delight,  
And in all Nations teach the World to fight.

*Buda* the dreadfull<sup>st</sup> Siege the World ere saw,  
What Hero's did the Fame of Danger Draw ?  
(a) *Lefly* th' Old *Croatian* Ban appears,  
And daring *Scots* led up the Volunteers.

What Actions pass't, let only such relate,  
Who know how Men resolv'd to Conquer meet ;  
Never was Town with such strange Fury fill'd,  
Such Deeds *Victoria* seldom has beheld ;  
Such Storms, such Fury, Flesh and Blood nere bore,  
Nor Town was ever so maintain'd before ;  
The desp'rate Garrison disdain to Fear,  
With their own slaughter'd Bones the Breach repair ;  
Contemning Mercy, they like Furies fight,  
And just as fast as Life declin'd, submit.

What Streams of Blood must in such Fights be lost ?  
What Fatal Price must such a Conquest cost ?  
Life so bestow'd, is always sold too dear,  
But VALLANT SCOTS, what Business had you here ?

(a) *Lefly*. This was, Old *Lefly*, General of the Imperial Forces, and made Ban or Governour of *Croatia* by the Emperor, the same that burnt the Bridge of *Esseck*, and tho near 80 Years of Age, and tortur'd with the Gout, yet perform'd a great many desperate Services against the *Turks* during that War, and some of them in the Depth of Winter.

I

Wish



With Noble Blood adorn'd, and blooming Years,  
 You *were not made* to storm like Musqueteers;  
 Scotland run too much venture in your Blood,  
 To have your Rate so little understood;  
 You had no desperate Fortunes there to raise  
 Your Names enough, you could not fight for Praise:  
 Then why so lavish, why so rashly brave?  
 To play away the Lives you ought to save;  
 Scotland has Sons indeed, but none to spare,  
 To furnish out the Shows and Sports of War;  
 You are her tenderest part which touch the whole,  
 And what lets out your Blood, lets out her Soul.

Pardon the (a) Satyr's interrupting here,  
 She owns, she hates this volunteering War,  
 When neither King nor Country to retrieve,  
 The injur'd help, or the Oppress'd relieve,  
 Neither to gain Dominion, or to save;  
 Men die for nothing but the Fame of Brave.  
 So (b) Foster hang'd himself with deep Design,  
 Only to see himself be buried fine.

Hard Fate of Men, that only for a Name,  
 Will in their own Destruction seek their Fame.

(a) Satyr's interrupting. 'Tis hop'd no Gentleman in Scotland will take this for a personal Satyr; but as I take Volunteering to be a Vice in War, as 'tis now practiz'd, where Men fit to lead Armies, serve as private Centinels, the Author hopes he may be excus'd in condemning the Practice as an Injury to their Native Country.

(b) Foster hang'd himself. A foolish Fellow in England, who often talk'd of hanging himself, that he might have a fine Funeral, and at last did it, but whether upon that account or no, is not very certain.

That



That covet Dangers, and *ride Post* to die,  
 To live in Air, and WALK in Memory;  
 Vain Fame with high Fermented Vapour hot,  
 To be remember'd, strives to be forgot.  
 Wrap'd in his Jest, the bubbld Heroe dies,  
 Immortaliz'd in Mortal Memories,  
 Fill's up a Ballad, made too great in Rhime,  
 Is fabl'd into Tale, and dies again by Time.

And this for nothing, but to have it known,  
 He dy'd an ASS of very great Renown,  
 A forward Coxcomb, who in haste to dy,  
 Fought for he car'd not who, nor car'd not why.

One just Excuse indeed some few may give,  
 That die, because they can't tell how to live:  
 These shall in Pity 'scape our Censure here,  
 So Cowards dare not live, and hang themselves for Fear.

He's truly brave that Fights in Just Defence  
 Of Virtue press'd, of injur'd Innocence,  
 Himself, the Laws, his Neighbour, or his Prince;  
 Dares all the lawful Call's of Fate obey,  
 No Danger will decline, no Trust betray;  
 While he that heal's his Tortures in the War,  
 Own's he's a Coward, and only fights for Fear:  
 As for the Sport of Fighting, that's a Jest,  
 They talk of most, that understand it least;

Buda reduc'd, and Gallantry laid by,  
 Europe the Sweets of short liv'd Peace enjoy:







At Derry, Limrick, Agrim, or the Boyn,  
 Athlone, Namure, at Steenkirk, or Eanden;  
 At all, their Hero's fought, at all they dy'd,  
 And latent Virtue want of Victory supply'd.

William, that Men of Courage lov'd t' obey,  
 How mourn'd he *Douglass*, *Angus*, and *Mackay*?  
 Too great a Loss for one unhappy Day.  
 A Loss that yielded *France* the Victory;  
 A Loss that none but *Scotland* could supply;  
 None had such to survive, or such to Dy.

Should we to recent Memory apply,  
 And trace the *Scots* in Modern History:  
 The present rising Glory of their Name,  
 Comes up to all that's ancient in their Fame.  
 At *Schellemburg* how could they choose but fight,  
 New Vigour swell'd their Nation at the fight;  
 The very Spot where (a) *Hepburn* Storm'd before,  
 And Conquering *Scots*, Imperial Standards tore.  
 Where *Ramsay*, *Murray*, *Rhea*, and *Hamilton*,  
 Like Lyons fought, the *Swedes* amaz'd lookt on;  
 And saw th' impregnable Intrenchments won.

---

(a) *Hepburn Storm'd before*. The *Scots* in the King of *Sweden's* Army beat *John de Werth* the *Bavarian* General, out of his Intrenchments at *Schellemburg*, where they had posted themselves almost upon the same Ground where the *French* and *Bavarians* were now Posted. Here *Ramsay*, and *Rhea*, two Collonels of the *Scots*, according to the usual and particular Bravery of these two Antient Families, entred the Intrenchments Sword in Hand, with a very great slaughter of the Enemy.



And now the *Scots* in Valour still the same,  
 Worthy the Race, and equal in their Flame,  
 With the same Fury, gain the same Applause,  
 The same the Courage, and the same the Cause:  
 The same the Circumstance, the same Success,  
 That great (a) *Gustavus* saw, great *Marlbro'* this.

Let future Poets *Blenheims* Trophies sing,  
 And *Ramellies* to Chime, with *Leipsick* bring;  
 There *Orkney*, *Campbell*, *Hamilton*, and *Hay*,  
 Shall match the Hero's, and shall match the Day:  
 To Times last Period hand their Nations Fame,  
 And ev'ry Ages Glory shall the next Enflame.

---

(a) *Gustavus saw*. The Bavarians Complemented *Gustavus Adolphus*, on the taking the Intrenchments at *Schellemburg*, as a thing they thought impracticable; and the People of the *Danawert* say, it has been thirteen times Attack'd, and never was taken till then; which I take to be an equal Honour to the *Scots* Troops under the Duke of *Marlborough*, as to their Ancestors under the King of *Sweden*, these having a great share in the late Attack under the Command of Lord *Orkney*, as the other had under Colonel *Hepburn*.

**Their**



## PART III.

**T**Heir Forreign Deeds are trac'd, and now we come,  
 To search the Fund of Fame that's left at Home;  
 A Thouſand (a) Kings the mighty Land poſſeſs,  
 In *Merit* greater, tho' in *Title* leſs.  
 Kings in *Command* and in ſuperiour Race,  
 And Virtue Ripens ſuch for Crowns a pace.  
 Nobility of Blood, their Actions ſuit,  
 And Action here *indents* the Attribute;  
 Here Families in Lines of Virtue run,  
 The Father's Merit *doubling* in the Son.  
 The growing Honour forms a juſt Encreaſe,  
 Firſt Crowns in War, and then Rewards in Peace.

Illuſtrious Blood with more illuſtrious Hand,  
 In *proper Channels* has been here retain'd:

(a) *Kings.* Alluding here to the ancient Figure, in which the Iſle of Britain is generally ſuppoſed to be, when every Nobleman was a Sovereign upon his own Eſtate, ſome Marks of which Sovereignty are yet remaining, and within few Years paſt, were very viſible in ſeveral of the Noble Families of Scotland, particularly in the Family of *Douglafs*, who Purſued, fought, took Priſoner of War Sir *William Hairis* of *Terriglis*, for having withdrawn himſelf from his Vaſſalage or Dependence, & eſteeming him as his own Servant, taken in Arms, where his Jurisdiction or Regality extended, upon his own Authority put him to Death. Godſcrofs's *History of the House of Douglafs* page 187. The ſame Earl of *Douglafs* executed Juſtice upon *Macklalan* Tutor of *Bumbee*, Chief of his Name, & one of the Principal Houſes in *Galloway* for Murdering one of his Servants, King *James* himſelf interceded for him in vain.

K 2

Th



Th' Antiquity which other Nations boast,  
 Would here *turn Modern*, and in age be lost.  
*Scotland* in Senior Glory will contend,  
 When lame Chronology *with Age* grows blind.  
 Here mighty Ancestors preserve their Stile,  
 From *long Prescription*, ancient as the Isle.

Not rais'd on Party Favour, Bribes and Fear,  
 Blood, Tyranny, Oppression, Theft and War;  
 Not rais'd by *strength OF FACE*, or strength of Purse,  
 A Stock of Money, or a *Stock that's worse*;  
 But from *the Youth of Time*, their Names remain,  
 When Vertue only could that Fame obtain.  
 Back, *further back* than Story can relate,  
 When *Infant Nations* fix'd their Forms of State.

When Tricks of State and Court Intreague unknown,  
 No *mighty Knave* could *Brother Villain* Crown.  
 From Blood to Blood their Violence pursue,  
 First *steal their Honours*, then proclaim 'em due.  
 By Fraud and strong Oppressions Crowns obtain,  
 While those support the Frauds, and these the Reign;  
 Alternate Violences Fame supply,  
 The *modern Fund* of mean Nobility.

If there be any thing in Birth and Blood,  
 Or were Antiquity *but understood*;  
 If the old Trophies of our Fathers Fame,  
 When thoughts of Virtue burn, *would fan the Flame*;

Make



Make us their Steps of Dignity pursue,  
 And *Ancient Honours* would excite to new.  
 If any true Nobility remains,  
 And Virtue could by Blood possess the Veins.  
 Then let's no farther search the World in vain,  
 To *Ancient Rome*, and lost Records of *Spain*;  
 Nations in Barb'rous *Hydra*-mixtures rais'd,  
 And only by their own too partial Flatt'ries prais'd.  
*Fabii*, *Cornellii*, and the *Bruti* yield  
 To *Caledonian* Tribes the *Ancient Field*.  
*Cummin*, *Duff*, *Donald*, *Strathern*, *Hay*, and *Keith*,  
 And Names would run Fame's Trumpet out of *Breath*.  
 Their old Armorial Honours still retain,  
 While *Rome* in modern Lines contends in vain.

Nor has the Country lent her partial Fame,  
 And from her later Towns bestow'd the Name,  
 Not Towns the Names, but Names the Towns Command  
 And Families take Titles from the Land :  
 So *Douglass*, *Mar* and *Southerland* survive,  
 And not from Towns, but *Provinces* derive.  
 Kingdoms of old, who tho the Claim's laid down,  
 Yet in th' *Antiquity* they keep the Crown.  
 The Blood of Princes in their Race we see,  
 And modern Merit joins to old Nobility.

Blest are the Families that great in Blood,  
 Have thus their truest Honour understood,



That on the Base of Vertue Built their Fame,  
 And join it to *that* (a) *lesser Praise* their Name,  
 The only Just and truly great Design;  
 For Vertue helps Nobility to shine.

Then who shall search the long forgotten Roll,  
 Examine all the Parts, or Sum the whole,  
 Who shall the Impotence of Art supply,  
 Beyond the reach of Books or Heraldry?

(b) There Gordon, Lindsay, Crawford, Mar and Wem'ss,  
 With Seaton, Ramsey, Cuninghame and Graams,  
 Forbes, Ross, Murray, Bruce, Dunbar and Hume,  
 And Names for whom no Poet can make Room;  
 Remote in Birth, in Names and Honours known,  
 The Caledonian Glory through the World have show'n.

Where shall the Galick Trophies now appear?  
 The Ancient Belga would look modern here.

(a) *Lesser Praise*. I know this word is objected against as ungrammatical, and therefore by some very carefully avoided in Verse, and by others, perhaps, too critically Censur'd; but as I have very good Authority for the word, I venture the Indignation of the Criticks, and anticipate their Observations, by referring them to the following Examples, *eternis prior ætulis*—*et minor minor pulchris*, Which in English cannot be express'd by any other Word than what I here make use of, LESSER, which is form'd from the Comparative *Less*, exactly after the same manner.

(b) 'Tis hop'd the Gentlemen whose Names are included in these Lines, will not find Fault with the Author for not observing Precedency either in Dignity or Antiquity, the necessity of Rhime, Measure and Cadence being his just Excuse, and which he desires them to accept in that particular.

Not



Not Mommerancy, not the great Nassau,  
Could Ancestors like these, directly draw.

Douglafs with Native Dignitys adorn'd,  
Ancient beyond Record,

Records they scorn'd.

The World's the general (a) Record of their House,

When Histories are silent and abstruse.

The Fund of Families is in their Blood,

And the (b) Fam'd Scoti on their Shoulders stood;

A Race of Princes from their fruitful Stem,

Has been a living History to them.

Their Fame that's past, foretold their Fame to come,

They'r Dukes abroad before they'r Dukes at home.

(a) *Record*. Here I make no question but to be animadverted upon for my different way of expressing the word *Record*, and changing the Quantity, making the Vowel long in the last Syllable of the first, and short in the last Syllable of the second. But for this, I have so good an Authority, that all Men will allow it sufficient to justify me; being from such a Master of the Language as *Buchanan* himself, as follows,

*Dies tenebras & tenebre Diem,*

*Buch. Pf. 19. ver. 2. l. 1.*

Which being the Verse call'd *Dactylicus albaicus*, the second Foot is always *Iambus*, and the third and fourth *Dactyli*.

(b) *Fam'd Scoti*. The Author of the History of the House of *Douglaf*, tells us, That *William Douglaf*, Grandchild to *Sholto Douglaf*, was the Father of the Noble Family of the *Scoti* at *Placenza* in *Italy*. Fol. 5. And some say, That by a Marriage between a Branch of the said Family of *Scoti*, and some of the Ancient Line of the House of *Mar* in *Scotland*, was the Original of the Family of *Marr-e-Scoti*, a great and flourishing Family in *Italy* to this day.



The Nation's willing Honours did afford,  
 And these cut out their Glory by the Sword;  
 For 'twas the early Fortunes of their Blood,  
 To have their Worth both Crown'd *and understood*;  
 Princes by their strong Swords possess their Crowns,  
 And grateful *France* their Ancient Glory owns:

When Men are of true Merit first possess,  
 Justice prevails, the World supply's the rest.  
 For Characters *will always* suit Mens Deeds,  
 Honours will follow, when our Vertue leads.

The Mighty Branch that now supports the Race,  
 Ripens the blooming Stock for Fame apace,  
 With high instructing well directed Hand,  
 Shews him both how *t' obey*, and how *Command*,  
 By Just Example guides him to pursue,  
 And double all their *Ancient* Deeds with *New*.  
 Himself with steady hand the State directs,  
 Suppresses Factions, Liberty protects,  
 Scatters the threatening Clouds, prevents the Storms,  
 And gently all *mistaken Zeal* reforms;  
 Backward to *punish* bears th' insulting Street,  
 Yet makes his *Patience* and his *Justice* meet;  
 And when their Pride his Government *defies*,  
 PITY'S: For 'tis below him to despise,

The



Great ANN'S Illustrious Scepter 'tis he sways,  
 And while he rules, *Envy her self obeys*;  
 Malice may swell, and *wild Dislike appear*,  
 But all their Spleen *ferments into despair*:  
 Grovling they ly in Grief and Discontent,  
 Crusht by the *Chariot Wheels* of Government.  
 So *Devils chain'd*, their Hate of Heaven exprefs,  
 But as their Rage *grows great*, their Power *grows less*.

*Campbells* the modern Glory of this Isle,  
 Their doubling Fame's encreas't in great *Argiles*,  
 Born to be great, to Noblest Blood ally'd,  
 He keeps the Honour, and abates the *Pride*,  
 For *Action fitted*, to the Wars inclin'd,  
 True *Caledonian Courage* swells his Mind;  
 Fitted his Country's Character to raise,  
 And by great Actions hand along her Praise.  
 Of ancient Stock, and *long forgotten Race*,  
 Nature has stamp'd their Glories in his Face.  
 The strong Impress of ev'ry manly Line  
 In Characters of Native Honour shine,  
 An Index of the brighter Soul within. }  
 A Race to *Caledonia* always dear,  
 And on whose Blood her Liberties appear:  
 A Race to Honour, and their Countrey true,  
 They furnish'd Funds of *Old*, he heaps up stores of *New*.

M

Nor



Nor shall weak prejudice debauch our Pen,  
 To flatter prosp'rous Fate, and guild the Crimes of Men  
 But undistinguish'd Virtue we'll rehearse,  
 For partial Praises are below our Verse.

Curst be that Party-spleen that shuts Men's Eyes,  
 From the just Merits of their Enemies;  
 That prepossess'd by Feud, denies Applause,  
 And dares not praise *the Man* without the *Cause*.  
 Where Honour claims it, *Honour will be just*,  
 And where Mens Actions praise 'em, *all Men must*.

Gordon, by Family and Fortune's great,  
 Tho' lost in Solitude and long Retreat,  
 Shall rise in Honour, as He's great in Mind,  
 Brave as the *Roman*, as the *Christian* kind,  
 A Gen'rous Enemy, a Faithful Friend.

*Faction's below him*, if he does dislike,  
 He always dares to show his Face, and strike;  
 Treason's a *Stab* i'th' dark, that Man that's brave,  
 May show the En'my, cannot show the Knave.

The *Hamiltons* of old ally'd to Fame,  
 Illustrious in Blood, and *more in Name*;  
 In ancient Wars e're other Lines begun,  
 These had a length of tow'ring Fortunes run.

Title



Titles from (a) *France*; from *Sweden* Wounds and Scars,

And batter'd Bones they bring from *Belgick* Wars ;

Yet fraught with Honour, and rewards of Fame,

Honour revives, and Years increase the Flame.

Eight Noble Branches hand their Glory down,

Channels of Blood from *Caledonia's* Crown,

Each have *large shares* of Merit of their own.

Each in their proper Lines their Houses raise,

By *Pers'nal* and *Hereditary* Praise ;

What Debt of Praise are to the *Lesly's* due ?

Who shall their Family or Fame pursue ?

The Bloody Steps no single Line can trace,

Nor Envy *fetch'd* from Hell, their History deface.

*Born Gen'als*, all by Nature fram'd for War,

In ev'ry *Battel's Front* their Names appear ;

The *Swede*, the *Russ*, and the *Hungarians* yield,

To them the willing Tribute of the Field ;

From *Esseck* Bridge to mighty *Astracan*,

Their Terrors with the *Barb'rous* Crowds remain ;

*Grafted* to this *Old Stock*, and to their Fame,

*Leven* adds Modern Glory to the Ancient Name ;

*Scotland* depends on his experienc'd Hand,

Safe, Not in *Armies*, but in his Command.

---

(a) *Titles* from *France*. The ancestors of this Noble Family obtain'd the Title of *Duke of Chateau Reault* in *France*; and by which Title they were known in *Scotland*, at the time of the Reformation.



HE, *young in Tears*, yet very old in Arms,  
 Guards her *from Foreign* or *Domestick Harms*,  
 His faithful Aids new vig'rous Life afford,  
 And boldly draws Hereditary Sword.

Stuart ancient as the Hills from which they sprung  
 The Mountains still do to the Name belong ;  
 From hence they branch to ev'ry high Degree :  
 And Foreign Courts embrace the Progeny.

The rising Stem with thirst of Glory fir'd,  
 Not he to th'Crown, the Crown to him aspir'd ;  
 His high attracting Fame the Nation drew,  
 They gave old Crowns, and Fate supply'd the new.

Thy Scepter *Caledonia* in their Hand,  
 First rais'd the real Glory of the Land ;  
 And seven successive Branches held the Crown,  
 Till *Britain* vail'd, and made the *Stuarts* her own.

What Blood, what Wars, what strong convulsive Throws,  
*Britania* fill'd with inbred Vapour *knows* ?  
 How oft the interveening Hand of Blood,  
 Has their successive Happiness withstood ?  
 Spread the dark Vail, let's hide the dismal Scene,  
 Let others paint the Horrid-draught, our Pen  
 Shall show the bright, and wish the rest unseen.

ANN



ANN, the remaining Glory of the Race,  
 With unexamp'd Lustre fills the place,  
 Without their failings all their Virtue shares,  
 And *Britains* bright Imperial Joy prepares.  
 Blest be the Hour, blest that auspicious Reign  
 When ANN, *the Stuarts last Glory*, shall obtain  
 That Calm both Nations long have wish'd in Vain.  
 When Years of *Rapine* and *Revenge* shall cease,  
 And Feuds of *Blood* be lost in Floods of *Peace*;  
 Reserv'd for her, reserv'd to Crown the Line,  
*Sever'd too long*, the listning Nations Joyn.  
 Nature directs, concurring Cause invites,  
*The Nations say Amen*, and all of course Unites.  
 Then Party Hate and Border Spleen lay'd down,  
*Our Hearts* shall first unite, and *then the Crown*;  
*Britain* be one, one End and Interest view,  
 And hand in hand *one Happiness* pursue.

A Galaxy of Worthies now appear,  
 And spread the *Caledonian* Hemisphere;  
 ROXBURGH enjoys the Curse of all mans Praise,  
 And TWEEDDALE adds true Lustre to the ancient HATS,  
 Grave and sedate, he fill'd his Sovereign's Throne,  
 Maintain'd its Honour, and increas'd his own.

Montrose revives the Ancient Race of *Gra'me*,  
 From Time and Injury retrieves the Name,



Lays all *his Family Oppressions* by,  
 And in his Countrey's Good, lets just Resentment dy;  
 In *Scotland's* Secret Council he presides,  
 With early Prudence every Action guides,  
 Sober, *not dull*, Pious, and *not precise*,  
 Grave, *without Age*, without Experience wise;  
 More *thinking*, more *sedate* than he appears,  
 And older in Understanding *than in Years*.

*Glasgow* adorns the Ancient Name of *BOYL*,  
 The Name's a constant Honour to the Isle,  
 A Name *Britania* always boasts to hear,  
 For Learning, Wisdom, Wealth and Character }  
 Increas'd in *England*, and increasing here.

The God of Musick joins when *COLVIL* plays,  
 And all the Muses dance to *HADDINGTONS* Essays;  
 The Charms are mutual, piercing and compleat,  
 This in his Art excells, and that in Wit.

*Seasfield*, and *Marr*, and *Loudoun* guide the State,  
 By Birth and Place, *still more by Merit great*.  
 No Malice can their Characters conceal,  
 But *those* direct the Sceptre, *this* the Seal.  
 The well instructed Pilots of the Realm  
 Who while just *Queensberry* steers, *assist the Helm*:

With



With *making Cares* they all furround the Throne,  
 Support the *Well known burthens* of the Crown ;  
 Th' important Drudgery *with Pleasure* do,  
 Their Countrey's Safety, *not their own*, pursue.  
 Thro' Storms of *Tumult* and *Distraction* steer,  
 Not rais'd with Hope, and not suppress'd with Fear ;  
 With Calm, *but steady hand* the Factions guide  
 At once, they yield to, *and resist* the Tide :  
 Wisely they calm the Feuds *Weak Heads* create,  
*And heal* the wild Distempers of the State;  
 To every tender part their Hands apply,  
 And to the Mischiefs *suir* the Remedy ;  
 True Patriot Principles their Minds possess,  
 Their Countrey them, and they their Countrey bless.  
 But their just Zeal to ANN's Immortal Throne,  
 Makes every Noble Character *their own*.

Nothing a Princes Wisdom more displays,  
 Than choice of Counsellors,

The double Praise.

Is always first the Monarchs, then their own,  
 First it illustrates, then supports the Throne.

But we'll no more pursue the mighty Train,  
 Whom to describe our Verse attempts in vain ;  
 The Muses vail before the Illustrious Throng,  
 Too bright for Verse, too num'rous for our Song;

N 2

And.



Our Ancestors had merited in vain,  
 If our new steps did not their old maintain:  
 But as our Modern Virtue stands as high,  
 The present Worthies do the past supply;  
 A certain Pledge, our Name shall never dy.

And now with Just regard let's view *the Fair*;  
 Beauty can make no Breach of Union here;  
 Th' Equalities agree on either hand,  
 The Ladies *no equivalent* demand;  
 Nor will their Virtue be exhausted here,  
 But still the Sex their just Proportions bear:  
 Blest Mixture, equally Devout and Gay,  
 For Virtue only can both smile and pray.

No Scale of calculated Right will ly  
 Betwixt the Quantity and Quality;  
*England* indeed the larger Roll may claim,  
 And *English* Beauty will preserve her Name;  
 But these the Merit equally divide,  
 Have all their Beauty, only want their Pride.

And now to Wonders turn your listning Ear,  
 Visit the Commonwealth of Learning here;  
 See how *Apollo's* Nurs'ry thrives, and how  
*Wit blooms* in spight of Climat, Storms and Snow;  
 The Muses all laborious and severe,  
Are Gard'ners bred, and work like Horses here;

Their



There Seeds of Science carefully they sow,  
 Here cultivate the Soil, to make 'em grow,  
 Plant, Prune, Inoculate, the Seasons tend,  
 And ev'ry fruitful Scyon to its Stock they bend.

See here how ev'ry Plant in order thrives,  
 And spight of Clime the tend'rest Blossom lives.  
 Here *Epicks* thick, as Groves of Laurel grow,  
 And strong *Heroicks*, plac'd in Walks below,  
 Lyricks and Pastorals in even Layes,  
 And Panygericks circled round with Bays,

There Knowledge grows, for Quantity and Kind,  
 The best, and best prepar'd t' instruct the Mind,  
 Temper'd with Modesty, 'tis set by (a) Zeal  
 Fitted her rash Infections to repell.

Next this in constant Bloom's a Range of Wit,  
 And ev'ry day 'tis weeded of Conceit,  
 Kept thin, intrench'd, and never runs to seed,  
 But ripens gently in its flowry Bed;  
 For Wit's a Plant so apt to grow in haste,  
 It shakes the Root, and then decays as fast.

---

(a) *Set by Zeal.* Alluding to the Custom of Planting Rue and Sage together, which whether it be a vulgar Error or no, is, that the Rue is supposed to be effectual to keep Toads, and Venemous Creatures from the Sage.

O

Strong



*Strong Sciences* in pleasing Order stand,  
 With Borders of Philosophy, on either hand.  
 These well reward the Lab'ers constant Toil,  
 Are nourish'd by, and yet improve the Soil.

But above all the Wonders of the Spot,  
 A simple, Men of Learning oft forgot,  
 In a small-Border very cold and dry,  
 Here thrives that *Tender Trifle*, HONESTY;  
*Neglected Weed!* from what strange Climate brought;  
 How seldom found, *indeed*, how seldom sought?  
 How do the easy World appear content  
 With spurious Kinds,

How very often vent  
 The False for True, and give their Sense the lye,  
 And make their Int'rest pass for Honesty?

Another Plant, *but ah!* how faint it grows!  
 Not that 'tis hurt by *Climate, Frost, and Snows*;  
 But as if Nature suffer'd strong Decay,  
 It withers every where, and dies away.  
 FRIENDSHIP!

The nicest Plant that ever grew,  
 Talk'd of by many, understood by few.  
 It's only Help is Honesty, and where  
 That thrives, it gets some Strength; but's very rare,  
 By Weeds of Self and Jealousie ore-run,  
Too cheak'd for want of Air, and shaded from the Sun.

But



But who shall now the thriving Plants describe,  
 The *Ever-greens*, that quickning *Jute* imbrile,  
 And furnish new Recruits to *Levi's Tribe*?  
 Sons of the Prophets at *Gamaliel's Feet*,  
 Who *extract* Learning, then refin't to wit,  
 By the laborious *Lymbeck* of the Brain,  
 Condense the Spirit, and let the Humid parts remain,

No loytring Sing-song Muses trifle here,  
 Weaving THIN FANCY into Webs of Air;  
 But here they Wed the Sciences for Wives,  
 And beat like *Hemp* at *Bridewell* for their Lives;  
 Th' Enquirers here to *Ida's Top* aspire,  
*Parnassus* coolest Springs, can only quench their Fire.  
 To Learning's highest Pinacles attain,  
 By strong assiduous *Travel of the Brain*,  
*Ravish* the Muses, in their Deeps delight,  
 And learn with the same Fury as they fight;  
 To curious search, to things, and Books so prest,  
 The Ancients or the Moderns find no rest,  
 Till Universal Knowledge fills the Mind,  
 And all the Soul's from Dross, and Ignorance refin'd.

Hence they to ev'ry strong Attainment reach,  
 And what they learn so well, as well they teach;  
 In ev'ry Art, in ev'ry Science grow,  
 Not proud of *knowing*, but are proud to *know*.



Push to a Vice *the Lust* of doing well,  
And in whatere they Practise they excell.

*Humes* and *Da'rymples* here adorn the Law,  
With steady Justice,

Neither drive nor draw

But with the Head inform'd, and Hand upright,  
Give every Cause its own impartial Weight,

In every Branch of Learning here they rise,  
Nothing *too high* they fear, *too low* despise,  
In every Science, every *Just Extreme*,  
Men of Perfection may be found with them.

The Laws in *Mists and Darknes* they make clear,  
And Physick thrives in spight of wholesome Air,  
*Pharmacopea*, void of simples, Lives,  
And Surgery in *barren Practice* thrives,  
Philosophy meer simple Knowledge vents,  
Rather by Nature than *Experiments*.  
Musick in *spight of Discord*, charms the Ear,  
And *Jarring Parties* break no Confort here.

Thus blest with Art, enricht with Heads and Hands,  
Producing Seas, and *more productive* Lands;  
The Climate found, the People prompt and strong,  
*Why is her Happiness delay'd so long?*  
Why with such Patience, and so long endure,  
*Distempers Prudence could so quickly cure?*

**Why**



Why still on Natures Common Bounty live?  
 And why *so soon content* with what She'll give?  
 For where Contentment makes Endeavour less,  
 'Tis then a *Vice*, and not a *Happiness*.  
 So the (a) fam'd sluggard starv'd, and reason good,  
 For want of *feeding*, not for want of *Food*;

Bear the Reproof, the fruitful Climate's known,  
 Not Heaven or Nature blame, *the Fault's your own*;  
 The Earth Adapt to bear, the Air, the Sea,  
 All fruitful, all to Plenty show the way;  
 No Barrenness, but in your Industry.

'Tis Blasphemy to say the Climates curst,  
 Nature will ne're be fruitful *till she's forc't*;  
 'Twas made her Duty from her first Decay,  
 The *sweating Brow* alone, and *labouring hand* t' obey,  
 And these she never *does*, nor *dares* deny.

And yet this Sloth is not their proper Crime,  
 'Tis due to Poverty, *and that* to Time.  
 Hail SLOTH and POVERTY from *Stygian Air*,  
 Ushers to *Death*, and Handmaids to *Despair*.

Strange Birth, themeer Perfection of a Curse,  
 That find Men Mis'erable, and make them worse,  
 Of ill connected *self ingendring* Birth,  
 First circulate themselves, and then the Earth;

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(a) *Prov.* The Sluggard would not pull his Hand out of his Bosom  
 to put it to his Mouth.



Infernal Harmony of Causes make,  
 And in *true Circles* of Distress they walk,  
 Vile Sloth and Poverty of *Spurious Breed*,  
 Neither from *Heaven* or *Earth*, but of *themselves proceed*,  
 Begot in Life, by long degenerate Time,  
 'Twixt *Stagnate Vertue*, and *Impregnate Crime*.

'*Twin Monsters* neither Seed nor Offspring know,  
 But concreate, by *meer Succession* flow.  
 No proper source, but from themselves they find,  
 And by supine Infusions reach the Mind.  
 All Natures Rules by their own Power reject,  
 And are themselves *the Cause*, themselves *th' Effect*;  
 Th' alternate Misery ne'er leaves the Door,  
 But *Poverty* makes Sloth, and Sloth *makes poor*,  
 Unnatural Mixtures form the gendring Pair,  
 Alternately they both *beget and bare*.  
 No Proper Seeds of Life, or living show,  
 'They'r *born in Death*, and in *Consumptions* grow;  
 Superior Witchcraft forms the dismal Race,  
 And Devils *unknown below*, connect the Face.  
 The unhappy Wretch, when Hag-rid and posselt,  
 The Crimes are in his Countenance confest.

A sanguine Pale and drooping brightness shine,  
 This always Saturnine, and that supine,  
 Joyn'd hand in hand, they *living Death* display,  
 And Life in full *perfection of Decay*.



# PART III.

No Misery's so great, but they make worse,  
Each others Being, and each others Curse.  
They mingle Death with every punct of Time,  
And only in *Destruction* are sublime;  
Slow Poisons which no Antidote can cure,  
Lingring in Life and in *Destruction* sure;  
Potent in strength their strong Dominions grow,  
Not Men but Nations they can overthrow.

Wake *Scotland* from thy long *Lethargic* Dream,  
Seem what *thou art*, and be what *thou shalt seem*,  
Shake off the Poverty, the sloth will dy,  
Success alone can quicken Industry,  
No more the bondage of reproach endure,  
Or bear those Harms thou canst so quickly cure,  
To Land Improvement and to Trade apply,  
They'll plentifully pay thine Industry.  
The barren Muirs shall weighty sheaves bestow,  
Th' uncultivated Vales rich Pastures show,  
The Mountains Flocks and Herds in *stead* of Snow.

Natures a Virgin *very Chast* and coy,  
To Court her's nonsence, if ye will enjoy,  
She must be ravish't,

When she's forc't she's free,  
A perfect Prostitute to Industry;  
Freely she opens to th' Industrious hand,  
And pays them all the Tribute of the Land.



CALEDONIA, &c.

The strong labourious Head she Can't Deny,  
Sheds only Backward where they won't apply.  
Here fruitful Hills, and there the Flowry Plain,  
Deep undiscovrd Funds of wealth contain.  
The Silver Veins and vast Mettallick store,  
Forbid to call her wildest Mountains poor.  
The Mines of Lead, of Copper, and of Coal,  
Enrich the several parts, *those parts the whole.*  
Nothing remains to make her Wealth compleat,  
But that her right Hand and her left may meet.



**F I N I S.**